The Moon During the Month.

THE November moon, which begins its career November 3, will have its phases distributed with unusual symmetry with reference to the beginning and end of the month. New moon on the 3d, first quarter on the 11th, full moon on the 18th, last quarter on the 25th, leave no room for any phase of a rival moon.



Magazine P





THIS is the anniversary of the battle of Tippacanoe, in 1811, in which General Harrison repulsed the Indians after being treacherously attacked by them, led by the Prophet. The victory practically won for Harrison the Presidency, the Whig rallying cry in the campaign of 1840 being, Tippacanoe and Tyler Too!"

This Day in Our History.

When a Girl Marries By ANN LISLE Virginia Proves Herself to Be a Cold, Calculating, Selfish Sort of Individual.

By Ann Lisle.

(Copyright, 1918, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.) CHAPTER XLIII.

T BREAKFAST the next morning I asked Jim bow Virginia had thed the owers. What flowers" asked Jim. "Why, you sweet kiddle, I believe you sent her some. They must have come after I left, but 'unsight, unseen;' I'll hug you for doing just that." "It's really Neal you should hug-

the idea was his, and so was the money that paid for the posies—he wouldn't let me do anything but select them and write the card," I

What a dear little Shylock it isso exact in its accounting!" cried Jim, in high good humor. "Well, I'll bave to bang on the bathroom door before I leave and toll the swimmer within what a decent young fellow

I think him. I'm getting downright fond of our Neal."

I twisted this into an omen that Jim's beautiful sister would soon be downright fond of me, and hurled myself at the phone as soon after Jim's departure as I decently could. Eight-thirty seemed the ideal hour to call the Rochambeau -- early enough to be friendly and to catch the girls in; early enough also to give Neal a chance to speak to Phoebe, and still not early enough to have an alarm-clock quality. But I was wrong. Phoebe's whis-

pers told me how wrong and told me also that "Ven" was elecping after a bad night. She thanked me for the posies with none of the animation I should have expected from

mation I should have expected from her, and young Neal had to go off without a word to Phoebe.

"That's all right," he insisted consolingly. "What's the use of speaking to the visiting lady if you can't invite her out? And I'm down to lunch money, as you know. Nixie! You don't lend me a cent, Anne. This is where friend Neal shows how saving he can be."

Neal shows how saving he can be."
Then my second "boy" trotted
off in high good spirits that sant
me whirling through the day's occupations with such vim and vigor that the little home and I were in order by 10; and by quarter part the elevator at the Eochambeau de-posited me on the seventh floor.

When I had called Phoebe, almost two hours before. I heard the telephone operator at the Rochambeau say "718." So I hade a mental note of that, and with a pleasact, sisterly feeling of sociability I went up without being an-

Bus it seemed to be as bad a Another Blunder.

Virginia was in a graceful pignotr of amber silk and soft face, and though she looked lovely enough for all the world to behold, she actually seemed to feel that there was something too terribly informal about appearing before me at break-

From the moment of my first faux pass everything that could manage to go wrong proceeded to do so.

Next in order of the "horrors" that took the sunshine out of the day was a sudden glimpse I caught of a vase full of wilted flowers. Before I could turn my startled eyes away from that dejected looking mass on the tex table Virginia began thank-ing me for my gift.
"Those dreadful things." I cried.

not what we selected at all. I'm going right over and give

E-DITH!

BITE

that florist a piece of my mind."
"Oh-I wouldn't do that," replied

Virginta coldly.

Then Phoebe broke in with a little explanation that did everything except set me at ease, as she

"You are, it was after midright they got here-so perhans went to the wrong place by "After midnight." I exclaimed.
"Oh, Virginia, I suppose that accounts for your had night-you were awakened from your first sleep. Can you ever forgive me? I'm so sorry."

Virginia gave Phoebe an annoyed

look.
"Dear me, why report the state of my slumbers" she smiled coldly.
"Suppose we don't discuss it any more, Anne-and please don't go over and make a scene at the flor-sets. I shan't be home all day-se it doesn't matter at all about the flowers, you see."

the flowers, you see."
How I ever got up the courage after that, I don't know but I managed to offer to go along shopping, if that were agreeable to Virginia, and I invited both Jim's six-

Virginia accepted coldly, but Phoebe ran over and gave me a quick hug as her sister disappeared into the bedroom of the smart suite, for which my poor Jim had offered to nay. offered to pay.
"Did you explain to Neal that I loved his flowers—and was just dying to speak to him?" she whis-

"Well-harlly Phoebe. Tou didn't convey that." I said a bit wryly— passing on, as sensitive folks have

a, bad way of doing, the hurt I had suffered from someone else. A Sett-efficient Woman. Rebuffed and flushing, Phoebe hurried into the bedroom after Virginis. I fear she won't make any advances to me soon again. I had

an unhappy fifteen minutes of waitan unhappy lifteen minutes of waiting. Then the sisters came out long. Then the sisters came out longether. Phoche looking like a pretty. frightened little bird in her brown suit. Virginia regal and sceming unaware of her arresting beasity, in a perfectly plain black dress collered in moleukin.

Ye spent two hours at the interior decorators—but never once in all that time did Virginia ask Phoche's buildon or mine. Evidently the makes her own decisions.

In keeping with that observation I saked her to relect the place

asked her to relect the place where we should lunch and never

deferentially waiting our pleasure. Then, as I sat back in turn and began to drink in the quiet elegames of the place and the stunning people all about us, my mind focused on what Virginia was gay-ing, and my eyes wandered back to the menu in front of me. A little calculation in mental arithmetic

Stories of Interest

A Strike That Failed.

Labor strikes were frequent even in the earliest recorded days. An important strike occurred in Egypt during the reign of Cheops, several thousand years before the Christian era. While the great pyrainid erected in honor of that monarch was in course of con struction it is stated that 50,000 workmen refused to continue their labors. They were dissatisfied with the food furnished to them, which was insufficient in quantity and poor in quality. Argument proving uscless on the part of the contractors, soldiers were ordered to drive the strikers back to work, and many thousands of them were cut to piecet, while those who could escape fied. The others were compelled to resume their

Remedied.

Her headgear consisted of a bowl-like foundation from which protruded huge plumes. She was deeply interested in the musical comedy, when she felt some one tueging at her hat, "Does my hat an asked, loftly, hat annoy you?" she

replied Private Mur-

Tomboy Taylor's Mother Is So Very Old-Fashioned.

By FONTAINE FOX.

AW! MOTHER!

HE'S GOTTA CARRY ME

WE MADE.

Coppright, 1815, he the Wheeles &

T' SCHOOL - HE LOST A BET

had been ungracious, she again

"Perhaps my plumes interfere with your view?" she suggested. more amiably. "Oh, no thank you-not now." replied the soldier, primly. "I've bent them back!"

Primitive Station.

There is in England a railway station which has only one train each way a week-at Blackwell Mill, situated midway between Miller's Dale and Buxton. Blackwell Mill consists of eight workmen's cottages on the banks of the Wye. They are occupied by railway workmen, and it is for the convenience of the wives who wish to journey to Buxton for marketing that on Friday mornings the 9:10 train from Miller's Dale stops at Blackwell Mill. The two uncovered platforms of the "station" are of the length of a railway coach, and composed of rough stone and grav-The "waiting-room" is a platelayer's hut, where the travelers are glad to shelter from the keen wind on winter mornings. The train carries the station master, who dis-A few minutes later, fearing she I tributes the privilege tickets.

was setting more absolutely made for a woman than the clean-cut elegance of Carlier's, the restaurant of her choice, was for Virginia

Dalton.
"Oh, this is perfect!" cried Phoebe, sinking back into her chair with a luxurious air of complete con-

"It will be, I'm sure—after Virginia orders the lunch." I replied with the intent to honor my guerf—and to sale myself the difficulties of dealing with the menu and the smart looking captain who stood deferminily actions or places.

fellowed:

Coffee

Total D.65 And in my purse there was the 35 Neal had given me a week before—the 25 and a little silver. Less than enough to pay that check. (To He Continued.)

Magazine

Dresses for Winter Wear

Republished by Special Permission Good House-

keeping, the Nation's Great Home



OF navy blue Georgette crepe made in chemise style is this attractive frock with henna red or taupe embroidery, whichever you prefer, showing through from the charmeuse lining.

EVERY one needs a simple charmeuse dress for wear during the Winter, and here is

one of navy blue or black charmeuse with the

new collarless neck embroidered in self-color,

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Ashamed of Her Fiance.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX. I am very much in love with

a young man, but am ashamed to go anywhere with him, as he is very ignorant of ctiquette, Every time we go on the street ha walks on the inside. He does many similar though. He selden freats me and when he does be good habits and does not smoke. chew or drink.

I hate to give him up, but all the girls make fun of me for going about with him. CONSTANT READER.

If you are truly in love, the small things you mention ought not to trouble you. Don't you think it's extremely frivolous to think of "giving up" a young man because he len't familiar with all social observances and does not buy expensive candy? Try looking at his side of the question.

Loves a Married Man.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-one and in love with a married man of twenty-cight. He is thing with his wife and has one child of two years. Now he claims he loves me and wants me to go away with him, as he says he cannot live without ms. We have known each other for two years. There is no love between him and his wife. He threatens to take his own life if I refuse and I could never marry another man if I do not go with

What shall I do? DEARTEROKEN.

Don't you see that this man has acted very dishenocably not only toward bis wife, but foward you in allowing you to come to care for him? Den't be influenced by his threats; or make him any promises. This sounds relentless in you, I suppose, but you have parentured me other course than to give him

Puss in Boots, Jr.

By David Cory,

OU remember in the le Tenning up, and that Weathercock had come of from his perch on top of the days to go into the cabin. Well, it didn't take Captain Noah and his crew long to make everything anug and tight, and pretty zoon everyone wan in the cabin.

And, oh dear me! How the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, but in spite of all this little Puss Junior got so sleepy that he went up to his little cabin with the dove

up to his little cabin with the dove on his shoulder, and taking off his red up boots he crept into hed and was soon fast asieep.

And then nomething strange hap-pened. The Weathercock, although he had hopped into the cabin to ca-cape the storm, went out on deck every now and then to look about him to as to report to Captain Neah the whereabouts of the Ark, the didn't seem to must the storm. He didn't seem to mind the storm, for a weathercock is used to all serts of weather, and knews just from what quarter the wind is blow-

ing, you know.

About midnight, after coming in from deck, he popped up to little Puzz Junior's cabin and knocked on the door. But Puzz was so fast asleep he didn't hear him, and if it hadn't been that the dove was a very light sleeper I don't believe the Weatherrock would ever have been able to tell Fura this strange

been able to tell Furs this crange thing that had suppened. But just as soon as the little dove heard the knocking she flew down from her cage and opened the door. Then the Weathercock whispered something to her and went over to where Fuse lay sound salesp in his berth. And just then the Ark grated on

something and came to a standatill, but so gradually did the great boat stop that Captain Nosh, who was glee sound asleep, did not even move in his berth.

"Let me wake little Puss Junior,"
whispered the Westhercow, and
then he and the little white bird
leaned over the pillow, while the
Westhercock sang in a lew voice:

"Wake up, wake up, Pusa Junior,

dear, Come to the window. Your home is quite near. See, we are landed Upon your own med. Just cutside your bedroom Come, here is the proof. I'll life up the curtain;

There's your little bed,
With the cozy white pillow
And cover of red."
"Where am I?" cried Pusz, opening his eyes. "Follow me," said
the Weathercock, So Pusz pulled on
his red top boots and climbed
through the porthole. There stood
the stately castle of my Lord of
Carabar, where Pusz Junior's father
was senechal.

was seneschal.
"Step carefully," said the Weathercock, and as if in a dream Puss
jumped on to the window sill of his

"Good by," whispered the Weather-"Good by," whispered the Weathercock. "Good by," cooed the little
dove, and then they both fluttered
back to the Ark. And from below
he heard faintly the voice of Captain Noah, "Ship aboy! We've had
a narrow escape? We almost bumped
into a castle!" And so Puss was
once more safely back with his dear father, and in the next story you shall hear what other adventures little Puss had. (To He Continued.)

(Copyright 1918, David Cory.)

A Promising Opening. The traveling showman was wax-

ng eloquent as he described the characteristics of his Wild Herse from Tartary.

"Ladies and gents," he said, "this hanimal is a real terror. If there's any gent in this comp'ny as fancles hisself as a rider, I'll give him five pound for every minute he sticks on this horse. I've rid hosses all my life, but this hoss is beyond me. I've tried 'im every way, but 's shakes me off in ten seconds." "Why not get inside him?" queried

a hunorist.

The showman waited until the laughter had died down.

"My lad," he said, witheringly, "I've thought of that. But nature has been unkind to 'im in the matter of mouth. It said his enough. ter of mouth; it sin't big enough.

Now, if it 'ad been yours"— But the humorist did not wait to

hear the logical conclusion of the

COMPLIMENT TO CONSCIENCE. "Tiere comes that Miss Gabbins. I think I'll have Nora say I'm out." "Won't the still, small voice re-presch you?"

"Yes, but I'd rather finten to the still, small voice than to hera."-Bos-

The "Zepp's" Passenger

AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL Philippa' Is Angry With Sir Henry When He Recounts Adventures He Had on His Latest Fishing Trip.

"Presently. I had a sort of fool-ish idea that I'd like to have a word or two with you first. I've been away for nearly a fortnight, haven't 1?"

"You have." Philippa assented.
"Perhaps that is the reason why I feel that I haven't very much to

"That sounds just a trifle hard," be said slowly.
"I am bard sometimes," Philipps. confessed. "Tou know that quite well. There are times when I just feel as though I had no heart at

ail, nor any sympathy; when every sensation I might have had seems shriveled up inside me." "Is that how you are feeling at the present time towards me. Phil-ippa?" he naked. Her needles flashed through the

wool for a moment in silence.
"You had every warning," she
told him. "I tried to make you
understand exactly how your behaviour disgusted me before you

ent away."
"Yes, I remember," he admitted. "I'm afraid, dear, you think I am a worthless sort of a fellow."

Philippa had apparently dropped a stitch. She bent lower still over her knitting. There was a distinct frown upon her forchead, her mouth was unresognizable.

"Your friend Lessingham is here still. I understand?" her husband

still, I understand?" her husband

remarked presently.
"Yes," Philippa assented. "he is dining tonight. You will probably see him in a few minutes."

Sir Henry looked thoughtful, and studied for a moment the toe of a remarkably unprepeasessing look-

"You're so keen about that sort

"You're so keen about that sort of thing." he said, "what about Leswingham? He is not soldiering or anything, is he?"

"I have no idea." Philippa replied. "He walks with a slight limp and admits that he is here as a convalencent, but he hasn't told us very much about himself."

"I wonder you haven't tackled him," Sir Henry continued. "You're such an ardent recruiter, you ought to make sure that he is doing him bit of butchery."

bit of butchery."

Philippa looked up at her hus-band for a moment and back at her work. "Mr. Lessingham," she said, "is a very delightful friend, whose stay bere every one is enjoying very much, but he is a comparative stranger. I feel no responsibility

as to his actions."
"And you do as to mine?"
"Naturally."
Sir Henry's head was resting on

his hand, his elbow on the back of the lounge. 'He seemed to be list-ening to the volces in the dining room beyond.

A Frequent Visitor.
"Hm!" he observed. "Has he been

here often while I've been away?" "As often as he chose," Philippa replied. "He has become very popular in the neighborhood already. and he is an exceedingly welcome guest here at any timte."

"Take advantage of your hospitality pretty often doesn't he?"
"He is here most days. We are straye rather disappointed when he

deeper, "What's the attraction?" he demanded.

Philippa smiled. It was the smile which those who know her best, "Well," she confided "I used to

imagine that it was Helen, but I think that he has become a little bored, talking about nothing but Dick and their college days. rather inclined to fancy that it must

"You, indeed," he grunted. "Are you aware that you are a married woman."

Philippa glanced up from her

Her eyebrows were raised and her expression was one of mild surprise. "How queer that you should remind me of it!" she murmured, "I am afraid that that sea air dis-

Sir Henry rose abruptly to his Sir Henry rose abruptly to his feet.

"Oh, darun!" he exclaimed.

He walked to the door. His guests were still lingering over their wine. He could hear their voices more distinctly than ever.

Then he came back to the sofa and stood by Philippo's side.

"Philippa, old girl." he pleaded.

"Ann't let us quarrel. I have had

"Philippa, old girl." he pleaded, "don't let us quarrel. I have had such a hard fortnight, a nor'estern blowing all the time, and the dirtlest seas I've ever knewn at this time of the year. For five days I hadn't a dry stitch on me, and it was touch and go more than once. We were all in the water together, and there was a nasty green wave that looked like a menutain overthat looked like a mountain overhead, and the life of our own boat bending over un as though it meant to squeeze our ribs in. It looked like 10 to I against un. Phil, and I got a worse chill than the sea ever gave me when I thought

Philippa Notices Change. Philippa laid down her knitting.

that I shouldn't see you again."

She looked searchingly into her husband's face. She was very fan from indifferent to his aftered tone. "Hanry," she said, "that sounds very terrible, but why do you ron such riske- unworthily? Do you think that I couldn't give you all that you want, all that I have to give, it you came home to me with a story like this and I knew that you had been facing death rightsously and honorably for your country's sake? Why. Henry, there in't a man in the world could have such a welcome as I could give you. Do you think I am cold? Of course you don't! Do you think I want to feel as I have done this last fortnight toward you? Why, it's misery! It makes me feet inclined to commit any folly, any madness, to get rid of it all."

Her bushend hesitated. A

frown had darkened his face. He had the air of one who is on the eve of a confession.

"Philipps," he began, "you know that when I go out on these fishing expeditions. I also put in some work at the new chart which I am so anxious to prepare for the fish-

Philippa shook her head impa-

Philippa shook her head impatiently,
"Don't talk to me about your fishermen, Henry! I'm as sick with them as I am with you. You can see twenty or thirty of them any morning, lounging about the quay, strapping young fellows who shelter themselves behind the plea of privileged employment. We are notorious down here for our skulkers, and you—you who should be the one mun to set them an exe the one man to set them an example, are as bad as they are. Too deliberately encourage them.". Sir Henry abandoned his position by his wife's side. His face dark-

ened and his eyes flashed.
"Skulkers?" he repeated furlously.
Philippa looked at him without

Philippa looked at him without flinching.

"Yes! Don't you like the word?" The angry flush faded from his checks as quickly as it had come. He laughed a little unnaturally, took up a cigarette from an open box, and lit it.

"It isn't a pleasant one, is it. Philippa?" he observed, thrusting his hands into his jacket pockets and stroiling away. "If one dossn't and strolling away. "If one doesn't feel the call—well, there you are, you see. Jove, that's a due fish." He stood admiring the codling upon the scales. Philippa contin-

ued her work,
"If you intend to spend the rest of the evening with us," she told him calmiy, "please let me remind you again that we have gueets for linner. Your present attire may be comfortable but it is scarcely be-

oming."
He turned away and came back

to turned away and came back toward her. As he passed the lamp, she started.
"Why, you're wel." she exclaimed, "wot through?"
"Of course I am." he admitted, feeling his alseve, "but to tell you the truth, in the interest of our conversation I had quite forgettan it. Here come our guests, before I have had time to escape. I we hear your friend Lessing voice."

CHAPTER, XII.

The three dinner guests entered together, Lessingham in the middle. Sir Henry a presence was obviously a surprise to all of them.

"No idea that you were back, sir," Harrison observed, shaking hands.

hands. Sir Henry greeted them all good humoredly.
"I turned up about three-quarters "I turned up about interest of an hour ago," he explained, "just too late to join you at dinner."
"Bad luck, sir," Sinclair remarked, "I hope that you had good

"Not so bad." Sir Henry admitted. "Not so bad." Sir Henry admitted.
"We had to go far enough for it,
though. What do you think of
that for an October codling?"
They all approached the scales
and admired the fish. Sir Henry
stood with his hands in his pockets.

listening to their comments.
"You are enjoying your stay here,
I hope, Mr. Lessingham?" he in-"One could searcely fail to enjoy

even the briefest holiday in so de-lightfully hospitable a place," was the somewhat measured reoly. "You're by way of being a fisher-man yourself, I hear?" Sir Henry

"in a very small way." Lessing-ham acknowledged. "I have been out once or twice." "With Ben Oates, ch;" "I believe that was the map's

Philippa glanced up from her work with a little exciamation of I had no idea of that, Mr. Less

ingham. Whatever made you choose Ben Oates? was entirely by a ridge Lessingham explained. fine morning, and he - -

"I'm afraid he didn't show you much aport." Sir Heary observed.
"From what Jimmy Dumble's brother told him, he seems to have taken you in entirely the wrong direction, and on the wrong tide."
"We had a small catch," Lessingham replied. "I really went more for the sail than for the sport, so I was not disappointed."

"The coast itself," Sir Henry re-marked, "is rather an interesting one."
"I should imagine so," Lessing-ham assented. "Mr. Ben Oates.

"I should imagine so." Lessing-ham assented. "Mr. Ben Oates, indeed, told me some wonderful stories about it. He spoke of broad channels down which a dread-nought could approach within a hundred yards of the land."
"He is quite right, too." his host agreed. "There's a lot of deep water about here. The whole of the coast is very curlous in that way. What the—what the dickers is this?" Sir Henry, who had been strolling. the—what the dictions is this?"
Sir Henry, who had been atrolling about the room, picked up a Homburg hat from the far side of a table of curios. Philippa glanced up at

is exclamation.

his exclamation.

"That's Nora's trophy," she explained. "I teld her to take it up to her own room, but she's always wanting to show it to her friend.

"Nora's trophy?" Sir Henry repeated. "Why, it's nothing but an ordinary man's hat."

"Nevertheless, it's a very traveled not sir". Marrison pointed out. one, sir." Harrison pointed out, "Miss Nora picked it up on Dutch-man's common, the morning after the observation car was found

Sir Henry held out the hat.
"But Nora doesn't seriously mappose that the Germans come over
in this sort of headgear, does shell

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) Coppright, 1918, Little, Brown & Ca.

he demanded.